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Poetry.

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

You may sing of the smiles of the future,
Of the pleasures that time has in store,
Of the life you shall live that is peaceful
When cares shall beset you no more.

And your soul may expand as you ponder,
To receive the conception sublime
Of fields as they stretch in their beauty,
And bask in a mild, sunny clime.

But in the vast realm that shall open
As you, hurried on, shall explore;
In vain will you search for a pleasure
As sweet as were those that are o'er.

Oh, the heart grows sad 'neath its burden
Of wearisome duty and strife,
As the soul is bourne backward in slumber,
Far back in the morning of life.

And the tear glistens bright in our eyelids
As the dreams of our youth we recall;
Fond dreams! would to God that oblivion
Would mantle their forms with a pall.

Since they live but to haunt like the raven
That sat on a bust o'er a door,
And uttered in solemn assurance,
That hope would return nevermore.

Gone, gone are the dreams, but the dreamers
Still plod the long journey of life;
And densely their sky is beclouded,
And the valley with vapors is rife.

And through the dark mists that environ
All clad in their snowy array,
The spectres of dreams that have vanished
Still rise at the noontide of day.

And beckon with siren-like fingers,
And lure with the songs that have flown;
We pursue, but we find in the sequel,
That skulls in the background are strown.

'Tis sad that the hopes that are blighted
And the dreams of youth that are gone
With their presence should always surround us,
And, spirit-like, ever live on.

MY TWO PEARLS.

JULIA C. R. DORR, IN APPLETON'S JOURNAL.

'Lightning express, gentlemen! All aboard!' shouted a voice in the station at Rochester, at 11 o'clock at night.

I stepped on board the train, choosing a palace and restaurant car, 'through to Chicago.'

'Section?' said the conductor, with a rising inflection. 'Ought to have telegraphed sir. Only one berth left, and that's a mere accident. Here it is. No. 9. Gentleman who engaged it missed connection at Syracuse.'

Congratulating myself on my good fortune. I speedily crept into No. 9—a lower berth—and fell asleep. When I opened my eyes, the gray dawn of an October morning—the October of 1868—was stealing in through the curtained window.

I lay for some minutes in a half dream, listening to the multitudinous noise of the train, with scarcely a thought of where I was. Then, as the light grew stronger, I raised myself upon my elbow and looked about me, only to fall back a moment after with a start of surprise that was almost dismay.

Right before my eyes hung a white, shapely hand, with a dark seal ring upon the third finger. It took me a minute or two to collect my scattered senses enough to discover that it belonged to the occupant of the upper berth, dropped carelessly from its quarters to my own, in the heavy abandonment of sleep.

I lay and looked at it,—a white, shapely hand, as I have said,—a hand unmarred or unglorified—choose the word for yourself—by the seams and callouses of manual labor. The fingers were long and taper, the nails oval and well cared for. The wrist was not large but well knit and sinewy; and half buried in the linen of the shirt-sleeve, I caught the sparkle of a diamond.

The hand had a strange fascination for me, half-uncanny though it looked in the weird, struggling light of early morning. I watched it, vaguely wondering what manner of man its owner might be, and what kind of a face would assort with it, till there was a stir overhead, and it vanished. Then I made my toilet as I best might, and went out on the platform for a breath of fresh air.

When, after the lapse of half an hour, I leisurely strolled back to my place again, all vestiges of the night were removed, and a gentleman in plain gray traveling suit occupied one seat in the compartment allotted to me. He held a newspaper in the hand. I recognized it at once.

He lifted his eyes long enough to salute me with a courteous bow as I took the opposite seat, and then resumed his reading. I opened my paper also, but the attempt to engross myself with its contents was a vain one. My eyes and my thoughts continually wandered to my vis-a-vis.

Describe him? Not an easy matter.—Neither is it easy to account for the fascination that he wore as an invisible mantle.—I might tell you that he was tall and slight that his complexion was clear and dark; that his black, crisp locks curled closely round a well shaped head; that his eyes were large and liquid; that his mustache was a light and graceful penciling upon the firm, thin lip, and that his imperial was above reproach. But, having told you this, I should expect you to say with a glance of ineffable meaning that you could find his counterpart in any barber's shop on Broadway; or, if not there, in your sister's French dancing master.

You think so? Perhaps it is not strange. You see I cannot put into words the individuality of the man—the certain indefinable something that at once set him apart from the crowd, and made him notable.

He dropped his paper presently, and turned to me with some remark upon current events, made with a slight foreign accent. Thus we fell into conversation.

'Breakfast served whenever you please, gentlemen,' said the porter, passing through the car.

My companion bowed, smiling:

'As we are to be section-mates for a day or two,' he said, 'it is well we should know each other. Shall I do myself the honor to present you with my card?'

'Hippolyte L'Estrange, Strasbourg.' I read from the little white parallelogram.—So I had not been mistaken in supposing him to be a Frenchman. I may as well tell you here what he read from the card I gave him in return: 'Edward Ripon, New York.'

We breakfasted together at his request. I found my 'chance acquaintance' to be a most intelligent and cultivated man, and a great traveler. So much of the world had he seen, so wide was his knowledge of men and things, that, to my comparative inexperience, it seemed little less than marvellous. He was years older than myself—I was just 27—or at least he seemed so. A Frenchman is older than an American of the same age, always. But, allowing for all that, Mr. L'Estrange was doubtless eight or ten years my senior. He was at once reticent and communicative,—reticent in all that was purely personal and related to his inner self; communicative as to his plans and projects. I soon discovered that he was on his way to San Francisco,—so much farther off then than now.

'But what a circuitous route!' I exclaimed. 'You are going around Robin Hood's barn.'

'Robin Hood's barn?' he repeated, with a half laugh, his eyes lighting as he caught my meaning. 'But, my friend, I had just come from Panama. I was tired of the ship, the sea, the monotony, so I go this way.'

'Overland the whole distance?' I asked.

'Oh no! Look here, I shall have the honor to show you,' and he drew a folded map from his pocket. 'I leave you here at Calumet'—noting the point with his pencil—'you see? There I take the lightning train for Chicago; thence by express this way'—pointing to Memphis and Jackson—'down to New Orleans. That is right eh?'

'Yes; but you will have to go to Vera Cruz. How about a steamer across the gulf?'

'Ah! there I round your Robin Hood's barn!' he said laughing. 'See! I go across to Havana, and thence to Vera Cruz.'

'And then—?' my eye followed his pencil.

'Then I go by diligence to the City of Mexico, where I take the saddle for Manzanilla. There, if the good fates befriend me, I catch a steamer ahead of the one that left New York when I did. So, I lose no time; I see your great country; and I escape the dull, monotonous sea, of which I have had too much already.'

The hours flew on silver wings. All day long we floated on a tide of talk, sometimes taking a deeper tone as we touched upon themes that gave to each brief, passing glimpses of the soul of the other. It seemed to me that there was little worth knowing that my companion did not know; little worth thinking that he had not thought.

Yet I learned little of his personal history save that he had spent much time in South America, and that he had large interests in the pearl-fisheries at Lima, on business connected with which he was going to San Francisco.

We had said nothing in any way relating to the War, its causes, or its results. But suddenly my friend turned to me.

'You have been in the army?' he said.

'Yes,' I answered. 'I served through the war. But why do you think so?'

'Ah, you have something—the air militarie. I knew it from the first. I, too, am a soldier, and I did not need that you should give the countersign.

Another night passed, and hour after hour of the second day. We were 40 miles from Calumet. A deep silence fell upon us two, who, in these days of chance companionship, have grown so strangely near each other. Soon our paths would diverge, never, in all probability, to cross again.—In vain M. L'Estrange urged me to prolong my journey, at least as far as New Orleans.

'We must not part as strangers,' he said impulsively. 'My heart has gone out to you—for we are akin. Somehow—somewhere—shall we not meet again?' and he clasped my hand warmly.

My reticent Northern nature stirred within me.

'I trust so, I hope so,' I responded. 'But the world is wide. I shall never forget you, M. L'Estrange.'

'Ah! you are young,' he said, with a slow shake of his head, 'you are young and the young have short memories. But stay, hold! I shall give you a sign—a token. So shall you keep one in your heart.'

Taking from his pocket a tiny box, he unlocked it with a key attached to his watch guard. A number of pearls gleamed and shimmered in the sunlight. He selected four of remarkable size and purity.

'You shall wear these for my sake,' he said, placing them in my hand.

But I demurred, saying it was too costly a gift.

'Are we not friends?' he cried, his lip curling with a supurb scorn. 'How talk you then of cost.'

Two, then, to be mounted as sleeve buttons? Still I shook my head, and still he persisted.

'Here, you, mon ami,' he said at last.—'If you will not have two, you shall have one; and taking my hand, he placed one large, pure, lustrous pearls on the palm, and closed my fingers over it. 'It shall be mounted like this,' drawing a design on the lid of the box, 'and you shall wear it for a sign. Then, you see, I shall have its mate set in the same manner. It shall be for a token between us; and the pearls shall bring us together again. Ah, I know it!—The pearls,—they are charmed!'

'Ah, M. L'Estrange?' I answered, 'I can resist no longer. I will wear your pearl; and it shall at least be a *souvciner* of days never to be forgotten.'

As he was replacing the box, a card-photograph fell to the floor. I picked it up and was handing it to him, when my eyes fell upon a face of such rare loveliness that I held the little picture as if spellbound—a woman's face, softly outlined, delicately rounded; a pure, calm forehead, crowned with 'braided tresses darkly bright;' tender unsmiling lips, that wore a sweetness deeper and holier than smiles; a chin and cheek that might well have served as models for a sculptor. There were soft laces resting about the throat; and a lace shawl, thrown gracefully over the stately head, rested lightly on the shoulders, like a radiant cloud. But the eyes were the glory of the picture: large, dark, spiritual eyes, that looked into yours with unfathomable meaning in their liquid depths.

My self possession and my good manners returned at the same moment.

'I beg your pardon,' I said, deprecatingly, as I gave the picture to its owner; 'but it is so beautiful! It is your wife?'

'My wife? No,' he said, with a low, wise smile, 'but it is my Marguerite—my pearl!'

There was no time for further speech.—We were at Calumet. L'Estrange threw his arm around me in his impulsive French fashion, and kissed my cheek with a warm 'God bless you!' Another moment and our short chapter of romance was ended.

But there was no second chapter? Certainly, or I should hardly have thought it worth while to tell you this. I returned to New York in a few weeks, had my pearl mounted precisely as L'Estrange had directed, and wore it, at first with a half-superstitious feeling that it was truly a link between us, and would one day draw us together. It was, indeed, as he had said, a sign, a token. It kept fresh and green in my memory what else might have gradually faded away as one of the many forgotten incidents of a life that was changeful and full of adventure.

But it was not his face only that it recalled. I never wore it without seeing, as in a vision, the dark, soul-lit eyes that had looked up at his from the photograph, the pure, calm brow, the slender wistful mouth of my friend's 'Marguerite.' Not his wife but doubtless his betrothed. What other meaning could I give to the sudden light that illuminated his face as he exclaimed, in that last, hurried moment, 'it is my Marguerite—my pearl!'

'I shall write you from San Francisco,' he had said. But days, weeks, and months lengthened into years, and I heard nothing. My pearl scarf-pin was the only token that those charmed days of travel had been more than a dream. I believed that he was dead.

Last summer I was in Paris. Early one morning I went to the Madelina, and, leaning against one of the fluted columns, watched the worshipers as they came and went. The sun shot yellow rays through the grained windows in the roof; the chanting of a hidden choir sounded far off and dream-like; the sculptured Magdalen of the high altar looked strangely real in the weried uncertain light; and the whole atmosphere of the place was bewildering.

As I stood near one of the great bronze doors, a lady, veiled, and gathering the folds of her mantle closely about her throat passed me with a light step. The figure was exquisitely graceful, and I watched her with a young man's idle curiosity as she knelt at her prayers, wondering if her face was worthy of the form. As she rose, a fresh breeze from an opening door blew back her veil, and I caught a passing glimpse of her features.

All the blood in my veins rushed madly to my heart. Surely it was the face of my dreams—the face of my friend's Marguerite! Yet it seemed a young face; perhaps less Madonna like than in the picture, haloed by cloud like drapery. You see I had not forgotten the slightest peculiarity of the photograph. I could have sworn to the very pattern of the lace.

Before I received my senses she had disappeared.

For three days I haunted the Madelene in vain. On the fourth I caught a glimpse of her again; stopping to drop a coin in the hand of a pallid child. But it was a fete day, and the crowd swayed in between us. After that I saw her no more.

I went to switzerland, lingering for a month among its mountain passes; made a short run into Italy, and came back. I was loitering along les Camps Elysees one evening in a fit of homesickness, half inclined to take the next steamer from Havre and to end this roving life, when I became aware of being watched—watched by a dark figure under the shadow of the opposite trees. The red sunset light fell full and strong where I was standing, but it was twilight all about me. I changed my position hurriedly and hastened on.

But in a moment I heard quick footsteps behind me, then a run and a shout. An arm fell across my shoulder, a hand clasped mine, and a well-remembered voice cried:

'It is you! I have found! Ah! *mon ami!* But it was the pearl, even as I told you in that wild Calumet.' And Hippolyte L'Estrange pointed to the scarf pin I wore that day. 'But you are grown older, moniseur. You are changed; and I was not thinking of you at that moment. But the great pearl shimmered in the sunlight, and it drew my eyes to the face above it. Said I not that it was charmed?'

It is needless to speak of the happiness that reunion, all the greater for the mood in which it found me.

'I shall not lose sight of you again,' said M. L'Estrange. 'You will go home with me to morrow, to Strasbourg. Marguerite—you remember'—and he smiled more brightly than before—'Margurite will be glad to know my friend. Very often have I talked of our days together.'

Marguerite! Shall I confess that for one moment I shrank as from a coming pain, a hidden danger? Then every instinct in my manhood rose in quick rebellion.—My friend's wife was vestal to me even in thought; sacred as if shrined and guarded by inapproachable distances. I would go with him.

Why had he not written me? Simply because he had lost my address—'only this and nothing more.'

It would be too long to tell our delightful journey, and I pass rapidly on to the hour when the towers of Stratsbourg rose before us, and the lofty spires of her cathedral pierced the clouds.

My friend's chateau was out side the walls of the city, on rising ground.

'See!' he said, with a sweep of his hand, as the carriage rolled along, 'this is not so grand, so fresh as your great New World, yet it is a fair picture.'

He might well say so. The seven-gated city lay at our feet; the blue Rhine wound along between storied banks; the bracing Ill glided through the town, picturesque with its many bridges; in the far distance rose the Vosges Mountains, and the Black Forest of Germany.

And now we are at the chateau, a stately pile, ivy clad and moss-grown, yet bright, seemingly with an eternal youth.

'Marguerite, this is the friend of whom you have so often heard me speak—Edward Ripon,' said L'Estrange as I entered the saloon an hour after, and a fair sweet womanly face—a face at the Madeline—looked up from the bit of embroidery over which it was bending.

'Is she like the picture—my Marguerite? asked my host; but, before I could reply, he went on. 'By that name you first heard of her, and by that name you are to know her now. We are to live in Arcadia for a whole enchanted moath, and as fitting, we are to be each other Marguerite, and Edward and Hippolyte. Have not the kind Fates proved that we are akin and told you years ago? Why else have they brought us together?

I bowed low above the lady's hand; but I did not call her Marguerite. Neither did I call her Madam L'Estrange.—Some subtile, undefined feeling prevented that. I compromised by not calling her anything.

I must not make my story too long.—You anticipated all I would say. There were no other guests at the chateau. We three were as isolated as Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. That was truly an enchanted week, in which we rode, we rambled, talked, we read, we sang—happy dwellers in Arcadia. And then—then—I woke one day to find there was no safety for me but in flight. This 'Marguerite' was growing too dangerously dear. I, who pray daily, 'Let me not be led into temptation'—what business had I there, dallying with danger?

I was not a villian; I was not an idiot; I had no more conceit than my fellows; yet I could not help seeing that Marguerite's soft brown eyes grew softer still when they met mine, and that the long lashes drooped over them with a subtler grace when I drew near. I did not look for this; but it was there, and I saw it—I must go.

A determination which I made known to M. L'Estrange the next morning.

'But you are not going!' he said 'It is too soon. Did I not say you were to stay a month? We will have more guests, if you tire of this dull life; and you shall see the old chateau alive with dance and song. My friend must stay!'

'No,' I answered: 'your friend must go. Do not make it too hard for him to leave you.'

He looked at me narrowly.

'Has any thing gone wrong?' he asked, in a low tone. 'Tell me, my friend! I had thought—I had dreamed—is there anything amiss with you and—Marguerite?'

He spoke in his own tongue now, as he always did when any strong emotion stirred him. I answered in mine, my cheeks, white and cold, but my eyes was ablaze:

'Amiss! anything amiss, M. L'Estrange? Do I hear you aright? You are speaking of the lady who is your wife, and of one who would fain be an honorable man!—Anything amiss, Monsieur?'

He looked at me for an instant as if he thought I had gone mad. Then a sudden light broke over his face, and to my anger and astonishment, he laughed a genuine hearty laugh. But, before I could speak, his mood changed, and he caught me impulsively in his arms.

'O my poor boy!' he cried, 'I see it all now. And you thought Marguerite was my wife? But I told you she was not when you asked me so long ago. Do you not remember? I supposed you understood. The woman who should have been my wife lies in the churchyard yonder.—Monsieur Ripon, Marguerite is my sister!'

I covered my face with my hands. I could have sunk into the dust at his feet. It was all so clear now,—as clear as noonday. Yet, with my preconceived ideas of their relationship, and in a country with whose domestic life and habits I was unfamiliar, I could not so much wonder at my mistake. The patois of the servants, too, had helped to mislead me; and I had seen no others.

I dared to look at him. The gentle dignity of his last words overpowered me, even while, in spite of my confusion and dismay, my heart was thrilling with a newborn hope.

I lifted my eyes at last, to meet his filled with ineffable tenderness.

'You may know my secret,' I said.—'Shall you take me at my word, M. L'Estrange,—must I go away?'

'Nay, stay,' he whispered. 'It was for this that we were thrown together that October morning. Was it not charmed, the token I gave you? Stay now; and, if you can win her gentle heart, I will give you yet another pearl—my Marguerite!'

Just as long as I live, I mean to remember in my prayer the gentleman who 'missed connection at Syracuse;' for, if it had not been for him, would I ever have worn the rare, pure pearl that was given to me two months since by my brother Hippolyte L'Estrange?

The Baby.

But as for the baby, whatever rudimentary arts he may develop, he does not show the slightest possible glimpse of the development of a moral sense. His notions of sleep are simply inordinate. His time for awakening are the small hours, when all conscientious babies are asleep. He then displays a capacity for yelling, which otherwise could hardly be expected from so minute an insect. At other times he reclines, sucking his thumb in dim yearning after a pipe, or doubling his fist in lively anticipation of life's coming struggles.—A baby is generally born looking extremely old. One almost begins to speculate whether the Platonic theory of reminiscence may not be true, and whether this alleged baby may not be some extremely old gentleman who has acted rather badly in another sphere of existence, and has another mundane chance given him. Babies look awfully old and wrinkled when they are born; sometimes they look ninety, but I have seen them look as young as eight-and-forty. In a few days' time they shake off the old existence, and are fairly embarked upon this real sea of human life, where they will have rocks and shoals and quicksands enough before they can come into any sort of haven. And yet there is something maddening about a baby. Boswell is reported to have once said to Dr. Johnson: "Sir, what could you do if you were shut up alone in a tower with a baby?' I forget what the response was.—"Sir, you are a fool,' I should suppose, or something equally laconic and straight forward. The suggestion is an awful one, probably an impossible one; but still the dread idea recurs, "What would a man do if he were shut up alone with a big baby?' Charles Lamb had strong opinions on the subject of babies. When the young children came in, as he considered, to spoil the dessert, he forthwith proposed the health of the much-calumniated King Herod. And yet there are many pleasant things to be said about babies, and you will find them said by the poets, philosophers and essayists all over the world; and it is especially noticeable how men of genius, when themselves childless, cling with most wonderful love and intelligence to the babies.

Prayer.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prayes to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army. Anger is a perfect alienation of mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to attention which presents our prayers in a right tone to God. For so I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the liberation and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below; so is the prayer of a good man.—Prayers are but the body of the bird: desires are its angel's wings.

The Bible.

Who composed the following description of the Bible we may never know. It was found in Westminster Abbey, nameless and dateless; but nevertheless, it is invaluable for its wise and wholesome counsel to the race of Adam.

A nation would be truly happy if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed Book.

It contains everything needful to be known or done.

It gives instruction to a Senate, authority and directions to a magistrate.

It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence.

It sets the husband as the lord of his household, and the wife as mistress of the table—tells him how to rule, and how to manage.

It entails honor to parents, and enjoins obedience on children.

It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the power of the ruler, and the authority of the master; commands the subject to honor and the servant to obey, and promises the blessing and protection of the Almighty to all that walk by this rule.

It gives directions for weddings and burials.

It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both.

It points out a faithful and eternal Guardian to the departing husband and father; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and whom his widow is to trust; and promises a father to the former and a husband to the latter.

It teaches a man to set his house in order, and how to make his will; it appoints a dowry for his wife, and entails the rights of the firstborn and shows how the young branches shall be left.

It defends the right of all, and reveals vengeance to every defaulter, overreacher and trespasser.

It is the first book, the best book.

It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instructions, affords the greatest degree of pleasure and satisfaction that we have ever enjoyed.

It contains the best laws and most profound mysteries that were ever penned; and it brings the very best comforts to the inquiring and disconsolate.

It is a brief recital of all that is to come.

It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples.

It reveals the only living and true God, and showing the way to him, sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them and all that trust in such; in short, it is a book of laws, to show right and wrong; of wisdom, that condemns folly and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth that detects all lies and confronts all errors; and a book of life, that shows the way from everlasting death.

It contains the most ancient antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds and unparalleled wars.

It describes the celestial, terrestial, and infernal worlds, and the origin of the angelic myriads, the human tribes and the devilish legions.

It will instruct the most accomplished mechanic and most profound scholar.

It teaches the best rhetorician, and exercises every power of the most skillful arithmetician, puzzles the wisest anatomist, and confounds the subtlest critic.

It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on; the best deed that ever was sealed; the best that will ever be signed.

The Deacon and His Calf.

Last Sunday, just as one of our straightest deacons was getting ready to shake the lines over his horses' backs and say 'ge dap,' his wife happened to remember that the calf hadn't been fed. The deacon looked at his Sunday clothes and observed that he did not deem it incumbent upon him to suffer for the negligence of others; in which the deaconess replied that such language in the presence of the children, on a Sunday morning and from a pillar of the church, was enough to shake one's belief in the professions that had been made by some one she could name. The deacon handed the lines to his oldest boy and climbed over the wheel without saying a word. He went around to the front door and took the front door key from under the mat, and as he was trying to put the key in the hole, the key slipped from his hand and slid down into the snow. Finally he got into the kitchen and started for the barnyard with the milk. He set the pail down on the ground and called to calf, but the beast whisked its tail in the air and bellowed at him. Then he captured the animal and pulled it along by the ears and jammed its head into the pail, but the calf gave a spring, sending the milk in a cloud of spray over the deacon's shirt-front. In trying to recapture the beast the deacon dropped his hymn book out of his pocket, and before he could rescue it the calf stepped both feet on it and tore the cover off. The deacon got mad. He took a hoop pole and belabored the calf. One end of the pole struck the shed, and, bounding up, knocked the deacon's plug hat off. It rolled directly under the calf, who set his foot through the tile, and then went tearing through the yard with his tail in the air and that hat fastened just above the knuckle joint. The deacon went into the house, and as he unbuttoned his shirt-collar, he called out Maria, you go on to church, and if anybody asks after me, tell them I stayed home to feed the calf!'—*Marshall (N. Y.) Statesman.*

About Coffee.

Coffee, as it appears in commerce, is the seed of a small evergreen tree. Indigenous to southern Abyssinia and Liberia, occupying a narrow belt, probably, across the continent of Africa. It belongs to the natural order cincho, nacæ, the same order from which quinine is derived. It is often seen in our hot-houses; there a small shrub with dark green foliage. The seeds, if fresh, readily germinate; and in a suitable climate the plant commences to bear in three years, and continues bearing during twenty years or more. There is one main crop during the year, but there are flowers and ripe fruit ever on the tree like most other tropical dicotyledonous fruits.

The ripe fruit resembles a cherry in size and color, but containing two seeds instead of one. The seeds are imbedded in pulp, which, at a particular time, is edible. If allowed to remain on the tree the pulp dries up. It is asserted that the coffee is improved by allowing the pulp to remain on the seed till perfectly dry. The dry envelope is then removed by machinery and the coffee fanned out.

The character of the seed is much affected by climate and soil. Dry, hilly lands are said to produce the finest coffee. The grains are smaller, harder and more highly aromatic when roasted.

Brazil is the greatest producer of coffee. That known in the trade as Rio is a brazilian coffee. Of the 713,000,000 pounds produced by the world, per annum, Brazil furnishes 400,000,000, or more than half of the whole; Java, 104,000,000; Ceylon 40,000,000; St. Domingo, 40,000,000;—Cuba and Porto Rico, 25,000,000; Venezwela 25,000,000; Sumatra, 25,000,000;—all others, including Mocha, 18,000,000.

The United States is the greatest consumer. We use in the United States nearly one-third of all the coffee consumed in the world, using nearly seven times as much as Great Britain, with a population not far from the same.

Germany comes next. Russia, the largest and most populous, the least.

The effect of coffee as a beverage, is variously estimated by different individuals. This we should expect from the varying character of the material imbibed. But the physiological effects of coffee are not in doubt. It operates in two very distinct operations. First, by stimulating the nervous and vascular tissues. This is experienced by every one after taking a cup of good coffee. The system is invigorated and the sensibilities are more acute. Second, it retards the transformation of the muscular tissues into lower chemical compounds. This has been proved by Lehman by direct experiment. By this operation coffee acts as an equivalent for meat producing food, if it does not actually produce it. It saves the powers of the body, if it does not create them. It is like the oil on machinery, it is a preserver of force, although without force itself.

Gather up the Feagments.

How many lives are, so to speak, mere relics of an ended feast, fragments which may be either left to waste, or be taken up and made the most of! For we cannot die just when we wish it, and because we wish it. The fact may be very unromantic, but it is a fact, that a too large dinner or a false step on the stairs kills much more easily than great sorrow. Nature compels us to live on, even with broken hearts as with lopped-of members. True, we are never quite the same again, never the complete human being; but we may still be a very respectable, healthy human being, capable of living out our three score years and ten with tolerable comfort after all.

These "fragments" of lives, how they strew our daily path on every side! Not a house do we enter, not a company do we mix with, but we more than guess—we know—that these our friends, men and women, who go on about the world doing their work and taking their pleasure therein, all carry about them a secret burden—of bitter disappointments, vanished hopes, unfilled ambitions, lost loves. Probably every one of them, when his or her smiling face vanishes from the circle, will change it into another serious, anxious, sad—happy if it be only sad, with no mingling of either bitterness or badness. That complete felicity which the young believe in, and expect almost as a matter of certainty to come, never does come. Soon or late we have to make up our minds to do without it, to take up the fragments of our blessings, thankful that we have and are what we are; above all, that we have our own burden to bear, and not our neighbor's. But, whatever it is, we must bear it alone; and this gathering up of fragments, which I am so earnestly advising, is also a thing which must be done alone.—*Miss Mulock.*

PADDY TO THE FRONT AGAIN.—An Irishman had sold his farm, and moved all of his personal property to one adjoining, which he had purchased.

He claimed that stable manure was personal property and not real estate, and commenced moving the same—a lawsuit ensued, and the court declared against him.

His final remarks to the Judge, after the jury had found a verdict against him, were as follows:

"Mr. Judge, a horse and a cow are personal property!'

"Yes,' answered the Judge.

"Mr. Judge, corn, oats, hay, *etc.*, are personal property!'

"Yes,' responds the Judge.

Then says Pat, "How in the devil can personal property eat personal property and produce real estate?'